

THOSE GIRLS WE FOLLOWED HOME

in Jr. High the two prettiest girls were
Irene and Louise,
they were sisters;
Irene was a year older, a little taller
but it was difficult to choose between
them;
they were not only pretty they were
astonishingly beautiful
so beautiful
that the boys stayed away from them;
they were terrified of Irene and
Louise
who weren't aloof at all,
even friendlier than most,
but
who still seemed to dress a bit
differently than the other
girls:
they always wore high heels,
silk stockings,
blouses,
skirts,
new outfits
each day;
and,
one afternoon,
my buddy, Baldy, and I followed them
home from school;
you see, we were kind of
the bad guys on the grounds
so it was
more or less
expected,
and
it was something:
walking along
ten or twelve feet behind them;
we didn't say anything
we just followed
watching
their voluptuous swaying,
the balancing of the
haunches.

we liked it so much that we
followed them home from school
every
school day.

when they went into their house
we stood outside on the sidewalk
smoking cigarettes and talking.

"someday," I told Baldy,
"they are going to invite us inside their
house and they are going to
fuck us."

"you really think so?"

"sure."

now
50 years later
I can tell you
they never did
— never mind all the stories we
told the guys;
yet, it's the dream that
keeps you going
then and
now.

THE ACTION

he buys 5 cars a month, details them, waxes and buffs
them, then
resells them at a profit of one or two grand.

he has a nice Jewish wife and he tells me that he
bangs her until the walls shake.

he wears a red cap and squints in the light, has a regular
job besides the car gig.

I have no idea of what he is trying to do and maybe he
doesn't either.

he's a nicer fellow than most, always good to see him,
we laugh, say a few bright lines.

but
each time
after I meet him
I get the blues for him, for me, for all of us:

for want of something to do
we keep slaying our small dragons
as the big one waits.